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Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 5

Author:  
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Tragedy struck us today.  
We had no more than  
started out from camp  
when we were set upon  
by another band of the  
dark riders (this is what  
Enas has taken to calling  
the bird that was killed

yesterday). Three of them  
struck at the same time,  
though it didn't seem to  
be a coordinated attack,  
just our bad luck.

Michelle could scarcely  
fire her bow, as one kept  
close to her and rushed  
her whenever she tried  
to aim. Enas began  
casting defensive spells on  
each of us, and I was  
washed over by magic as  
a Reactive Armor spell  
was placed on me. Dresler  
seemed nervous, and  
rushed to stay away  
from any of the beasts.  
It was all I could do to  
keep from running away  
myself...

CrawWorth and Xarot,  
however, were godsend.  
Their skills and  
perseverance kept the  
birds from seriously  
threatening any of us,  
and though we were doing  
what seemed like little  
damage to them, they  
were doing as little  
damage to us as well.

The tragedy occurred only  
a minute or so after the  
birds attacked. Xarot,  
with no thought for his  
own preservation, led the  
beasts towards one  
another, and two of them

bit at each other!

Fighting over the very meal that stood before them! With a quick grace that could only come from many years of study he leapt between the two and drew the attention of the third.

With all three of them focusing their energy on him he disappeared into the brush.

"MOVE ON!!" He yelled, "I'll catch up!"

CrawWorth was near exhaustion and could scarcely reply. His words disappeared into a tumult of heavy breathing. He eyed me for a moment and then turned to Michelle.

"Get us to safety!" he hissed, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

She led us on. After an hour or so of travel we stopped to wait for Xarot's return. Sadly, we have not yet heard from him. Occasionally we hear the wicked scream of the dark birds, and my skin crawls as I wonder what has happened to our brave friend.

It was almost dark when we saw the first of the lighted buildings.

Another village. We arrived as a rugged group and fell to the ground as soon as we were within what we felt to be the city's safety. Villagers came to help, offering food, water, and healing, as well as a place to stay. CrawWorth has already dozed off on a cot offered up by one of the village elders.

Michelle and Enas are talking with some of the others who are a little more eager to spread

information about the  
warring races the other  
village was loathe to  
discuss. I have not yet  
heard much of the  
information, though the  
words 'Snake-man' and  
'Spider-people' have come  
up frequently.

When CrawWorth awakens  
and finds out more we  
shall travel again....